

Mrs. Cash. S. G. Neff, Mgr.  
 A Wave of Bedlam.  
 Little Johnny—"I won't be kept after  
 school for whispering to Tommy Dodd  
 any more."  
 Mother—"I am glad of that."  
 "Yes, Tommy sat behind me and  
 tried to turn my head to whisper to  
 him, and the teacher always saw me."  
 "You won't do it any more, I hope."  
 "Nonsense. Presently I sat behind Tom-  
 my, and now he'll hate to turn his  
 head."—"Good News."